Volume LXI CHICAGO, MARCH 19, 1908 Number 3

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

for Easter

By Jenkin Lloyd Jones

The Selfishness of Grief

"Let us not think of death, but of life."

Paper; 10 Cents

Death as a Friend

"Surely, science and reason are today conspiring with art and religion to put down the last enemy, robbing death of its sting and the grave of its victory."

Paper; 10 Cents

Advice to Girls

Selections from Ruskin's Letters to Girls, with an Introductory Sermon by Mr. Jones. With portrait of Ruskin. Green and gold cover, designed by Bertha E. Jaques.

Paper; 25 Cents

Paracelsus

The Dying Message of Paracelsus. With illuminated cover design and reproduction of Dürer's *Melancholia*.

50 Cents

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL—
- Buelah-land—JAMES H. WEST 35
- Notes 35
- The Woes of a Non-Tax-Dodger—C. R. Henderson 36
- Easter Remembrances 36

THE PULPIT—
- David Swing, Poet-Preacher—Rev. Joseph Newton. Chapter II 37
- Harmony—*Charles Eugene Banks* 40

CORRESPONDENCE—
- Calvin and Servetus Once More—Edwin D. Meade 41

THE WATCH TOWER 43

The Glory that Was Spain—*J. B. Fletcher* 43

THE HOME—
- Helps to High Living 44
- The Child—*James Oppenheim* 44
- A Basket of Birds—*Lucy E. Knowlton* .....

UNITY'S REGIMENT 44

Judas the Benefactor—ARTHUR A. OGDEN 44

THE FIELD—
- Foreign Notes—M. E. H 45

UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY, ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

A biography of one of Chicago's most unique figures and leaders will be published serially in UNITY beginning March 1st

DAVID SWING

THE PROPHET OF CHICAGO

Is it still true that

"A prophet is not without honor save in his own country"?

It is sadly true that as yet no biography of the late Professor Swing has been written. The fugitive sketches that have appeared have been necessarily inadequate and oftentimes inaccurate. It is then with great satisfaction that the publishers of UNITY announce that, with the beginning of the next volume, March 1, it proposes to publish the story of the life and a study of the ministry of David Swing, the poet preacher who for so many years touched the life of Chicago at its most vital points, ameliorating its crudities, softening its harshness and permanently modifying its spiritual climate. This series of articles will appear weekly and will run through the better part of the year.

Professor Swing left no material for a biography. Indeed, it never occurred to the modest man that his life was worthy of special record or that anyone in future years would sit down and tell his story. This beautiful, though excessive, modesty makes the task of his biographer a difficult one. However, his friends have been kind and helpful, his daughter especially gracious in giving access to his private manuscripts, and in the Rev. Joseph Newton, of Dixon, Ills., is to be found a man who has been deeply impressed and permanently profited by the ministry of David Swing, and he brings to the work a gifted mind and a skilful pen.

It has been said that "The record of a great and pure personality is the best bequest of time." Hence, it is high time that the life of David Swing should be studied,—a life that, like that of Lincoln, was founded upon pity, the pity that made him a "Man of Sorrows," but sorrow was the only shadow upon the spotless life. There was no vanity, envy or unseemly ambition. The charm of his nature was a blending of composure, gentleness and simplicity. His christianity was mellowed with universality; his ethics made profound with the impartiality of a philosopher; his piety was touched with the dream-like pensiveness of a poet.

Writes Mr. Newton, the biographer:

"My labor has been a labor of love. What David Swing did for me I shall never be able to tell. He was a friend and helper in a time of crisis, a dear mentor in a wilderness of doubt. After Emerson and Browning, the gentle, humane, wise, meditative Swing has been my best friend among the moderns. And this is true of thousands of men and women all over the land, to whom the world has never seemed quite the same since the heavens received him out of sight. I feel that we are now far enough away from him to see him in the juster perspective of years, and to estimate him for what he was."

The publishers of UNITY believe that there are scattered all over the country countless souls who were touched more or less directly by the life and words of Professor Swing before his death who will be glad of this opportunity to renew their acquaintance, and there are countless others who need such an acquaintance. The first of March is a good time to renew your subscriptions and to make new ones for UNITY. Is it not possible, with the co-operation of present subscribers, and this rare opportunity to obtain the story of Professor Swing, with the other good and true things which UNITY tries to tell, to double the subscribers? Let each one try to get another one and it will be done.

Now is the time to Subscribe for UNITY

and to enable every one to secure all of this biography, we now offer Two Full Years Subscriptions to UNITY, at least one being a new name, for only THREE DOLLARS. If you have already renewed your subscription for the current year you can still take advantage of this offer by securing one new name and sending us three dollars, and your date of expiration will be pushed forward one year.

UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY, Station M, CHICAGO

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LXI THURSDAY, MARCH 19, 1908 NUMBER 3

BEULAH-LAND.

You spray of hemlock on my city wall,
I gaze at you, remembering whence you came!
That thence I ravaged you, O bear no blame,
For winter now enshrouds me in its pall.
I listen, and I hear the squirrels call
Which shot your living green with tawny flame;
Ay, listen, . . . and I seem to hear the same
Dear murmur of the gurgling brooklet's fall.
I crush your fragrant fibers in my hand,
And senses swim with spicy odors won;
Above me, wide cerulean depths expand,
Where snowy shallops sail enriched with sun;
I need no more to dream of Beulah-land,
Thyself art Beulah here and now begun.

JAMES H. WEST.

In this time of social and religious unrest, when men are too prone to say "O, religion is a good thing for the women and children!" would it not be well to return to a careful, critical reading of the parables spoken by Jesus, as found in Mark, Matthew and Luke? Doubtless it is months, if not years, since many of us have done this thing, so let us make the experiment of reading in a thoughtful manner from the Twentieth Century New Testament for a new germ of the Kingdom of God growth in our lives to-day.

Spite of the "dead line," which only too often cuts athwart the pathway of a minister just as he reaches his prime, and youth and inexperience are substituted for wisdom and power, there are not lacking splendid exceptions to this rule of folly. Some months ago an old friend of UNITY, Rev. A. Judson Rich, resigned the pastorate of the Unitarian church at Dighton, Mass., because he had exceeded by three his three score and ten years, and felt that "a new voice, new face and new methods" might be more efficient. But after due consideration the church has refused to have it so, and has persuaded Brother Rich to continue to lead and inspire a united parish. We join in hearty congratulations to both pastor and people, and best wishes for yet many fruitful years.

It is a most hopeful sign that in this busy age, this too-often-termed commercial age, that there are found here and there not a few men and women who realize that there are heights of knowledge and experiences yet to be attained: that "man shall not"—cannot "live by bread alone," that there comes a time, both in prosperity and poverty, when the demands of the spirit are more insistent than those of the flesh. The above was suggested by the letter of a business man from the Pacific Coast.

"In a business way I have prospered, spiritually I shall never be satisfied, as there is so much to know and attain to. Like Paul, 'I press toward the mark.' In other things a business man has little time for study except current matters. It will interest you to know that last November I started a 'Round Table' Club made up of twenty-five of our leading business and professional men who keep up the student habit. The meetings have been a great delight to me. We have discussed such subjects as 'Financial Legislation,' 'Significance of the Temperance Movement,' 'Government of Cities by Commission.'"

A recent issue of the *St. Petersburg Zeitung* contains an article which offers reasonable explanation of the spirit which actuates Russian college students. It is said that more than a thousand students are lost from the University of St. Petersburg annually because unable to pay their fees. If facts are as reported it seems impossible to doubt that the worst has not yet been realized but that a very French Revolution is likely to come. We quote the following from the article as translated by the *Literary Digest*:

"A heartrending indication of the depth of hunger and despair into which these people are plunged may be seen from the newspaper advertisements and the notices that are stuck up in the college corridors. Thus we read such notices as these: 'A student desires employment at anything, and at any distance from the city'; 'An educated Jewish girl, who is in the direst need, seeks clerical work, or a place as a companion, servant on a farm, or chambermaid to a single man'; 'A starving scholar asks for employment of any sort'; 'A student in utter destitution asks for work, even of the most menial character.' These advertisements are very significant, and behind each of them a tragedy is going on."

The chirp of the robin has been heard in the land and the "call of the wild" is in the blood these early spring days. The open country beckons, and a yearning for a suburban home lures the flat dwellers. But for those who are rooted in their place, who from force of circumstances or choice are city bound, it is comforting to remember Robert Louis Stevenson's reflection: "Any place is good enough to live a life in * * * For, if we only stay long enough, we become at home in the neighborhood. Reminiscences spring up, like flowers, about uninteresting corners." After all, it is the "nice" people that make "nice" places, and the Irish melodist sang truly,

"Yet it was not that Nature had shed o'er the scene
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green;
'Twas not her soft magic of streamlet or hill,
Oh! no—it was something more exquisite still.

" 'Twas that friends, the beloved of my bosom, were near,
Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear,
And who felt how the best charms of Nature improve,
When we see them reflected from looks that we love."

The Woes of a Non-Tax-Dodger

The man of sad countenance, weary of kicking in the newspapers as a "lifelong subscriber," and sick of seeking information from public documents and officials, told us his story. His neighbor owns an automobile and pays for the services of a chauffeur, with large sums for lubricating oil and gasoline; buys pictures in Paris to match fine gowns and hats of his wife and daughters, and retires to rest in a fine house sumptuously furnished. In the city he seems to have a high position and at his club he rails at anarchists and the settlements. He is a law-abiding citizen and hates the miserable people who preach the overthrow of our legal institutions. He lives according to the rules of the game as interpreted by courts and has large credit in Bradstreet and Dun. But when you look on the list of the assessor of bonds and mortgages you discover he is a poorer man than the school teacher who lives in a flat around the corner.

The explanation given at the bank where bonds are sold, "warranted to yield 6 per cent net," is that "nobody returns bonds and mortgages for taxation." But does not the law of Illinois distinctly print a list to be returned at the value of the security? Certainly. Why then does this man who declaims between puffs of his twenty-five-cent cigars against smokers of pipes who criticize our institutions in dingy halls fail to obey the law? Socialists tell us that he is a hypocrite. The poor fool who returns his securities, in which are hoarded all the savings of a toilful and frugal life, finds that he must pay as high as thirty per cent of the yield of these securities, while his rich neighbor escapes. Your fat, sleek tax-dodger does not complain of the law; he is no vulgar agitator keeping society in a ferment because the law is wrong; he does nothing and holds his tongue. Only when the assessor puts up the estimate of his wealth hidden in safety deposit vaults does he break his silence—to lie or even perjure himself. Meantime knowing ones tell us under their breath that the assessors are only too strongly tempted to use their power to extort blackmail by accepting bribes to return the covered wealth at much less than its value when they find, by detective methods, a clue which threatens interesting developments. And it is claimed that very high up in this world of officialdom ugly stories are rife of pressure brought to bear to secure money payments or political support as the price of shaving down the assessment. It may be impossible to prove these rumors, but human nature being what it is a student of human nature can give hints for any one who has the patience and courage to hunt down the evidence.

In 1906 in Chicago the assessors were able to discover, with all the screws of an inquisitorial method which outrages our American feelings of individuality, only $123,230,068 of personal property, and this included capital stock and railroads. But what becomes of the $500,000,000 deposits in banks which should be listed? Where does that hide when on April 1, All Fools' Day, the assessors walk the street? Who owns the millions upon millions of bonds and farm mortgages sold by our great banking houses? Make all proper deductions for debts, does any one suppose that 10 per cent of the personal property of Chicago is assessed? It has been estimated that at least $1,000,000,000 thus escapes notice; while the entire real and personal property of Chicago was set down at only $426,263,296. In Ohio a recent tax commission reports a similar condition under a similar law; and in other cities it is the same.

There are plenty of excuses offered, and they have weight. Any man who returns his personal property is robbed by his neighbors who do not bear their share, and each man feels justified in disobeying the law. This Illinois law, as one has said, "does not raise revenues, but only liars and law-breakers." There is no conscience on the subject. Religion is busy beating down petty vices with its cannon and has no gunpowder left for colossal injustice; and perhaps some of those who accuse the brewery interest and United Societies of trampling on the state law have not come into court with clean hands.

Why do not our preachers, spiritual advisers of men, study the French system of assessment, which works successfully, raises enormous revenues, supplies splendid public agencies of civilization and yet never ventures to enter a man's house, drag out the secrets of his business or lay its hands on anything which is not absolutely open and tangible? Some time or other wealth must show its head and body and proportions; government should not in its method of laying taxes tempt the best men to become common liars and perjurers and violators of law, and there is absolutely no need. There is in France a rational system which cannot be exactly copied here, but deserves consideration and would supply hints for improvement.

C. R. HENDERSON.

Easter Remembrances

At Easter time it is a growing graceful deed to send a word of uplooking and hope to any friend who during the year has been bereaved. The simple cards and leaflets issued by the James H. West Company, 220 Devonshire street, Boston, serve this purpose admirably. Chadwick, Tennyson, Emerson, Whitman, Edwin Arnold, Charles G. Ames, George Eliot, and numerous others, are the authors quoted. The publishers will send a dozen assorted cards for 20 cents, or a dozen assorted leaflets for 50 cents. They have also Easter folders, booklets, and books. Victor Hugo's fine presentment, "The Immortal Hope," attractively issued, is 10 cents. "With what body do they come?" asked the New Testament writer, in his consideration of another life. The book, "Beside the New-Made Grave," attempts to answer this question. In ordering a copy, a California lady recently wrote: "Dr. ——, of this place, tells me that it is a comforting book to lend to the bereaved." A late issue of "Current Literature" gave six columns of comment upon and quotation from this "masterly exposition of the real significance of unfolding evolution."

THE PULPIT

David Swing, Poet Preacher

BY REV. JOSEPH NEWTON.

CHAPTER II.

MIAMI UNIVERSITY.

Oxford was only a village in 1848, and it is not much more than a village today. A walk of a few squares brings one to its eastern limit and to the University campus. Wide gravelled walks sweep through a magnificent academic grove, where the trees planted years ago by graduating classes are so venerable in appearance as hardly to be distinguished from the primeval growth. Near the center of the campus stands the University building, altered and enlarged from what it once was, from which a sward of blue-grass slopes away in all directions. The background is a dense wood, a great green one, fretted with a thousand aisles.

Of course Miami was not in 1848 a university in the sense in which that word is now used. It was one of a number of small colleges which dotted the state of Ohio, the policy of the early days being to distribute institutions of learning, instead of attempting to build up a central university; one of the earliest, and for a long while decidedly the leading college west of the Alleghanies. The historic tradition of Miami has ever been one of high intellect, of thorough scholarship, and of warm-hearted religious life. Though a state school, it was presided over almost from the beginning by men of the Presbyterian faith—some of the Old School, some of the New School, and still others of the United branch of that church; and such a mingling of schools implied a certain catholicity of thought respecting the minor controversies of theology. The curriculum, modelled originally after that of Yale, was freely changed to adapt it to the needs of the practical West and South, for students came in those days from the Carolinas, from the bayous of Louisiana, and from the prairies of Illinois. The long list of Miami sons who have risen to distinction attests at once the wisdom of her policy and the validity of her ideals.

David Swing entered Miami, as I have said, in the autumn of 1848, and was graduated in the class of 1852. As a student he was unassuming and earnest, never seeking to attract attention to him, albeit credited with his due quota of college pranks—such as tampering with the weather vane on the steeple, taking down zigzag rail fences and building them across the road, and writing puns and rhymes on the blackboards in the class rooms. During his first two years his interests were somewhat too wide for marked success; in fact, not until the last year did he display the unusual ability that was in him. His meager means required of him the utmost frugality, and in trying to do his own cooking he almost ruined his health, the penalty for which he paid in later life as a semi-invalid. After that he sought a better table, and took care to have more open-air interludes in the midst of his studies. The college library, of which he was for a time the keeper, tempted him to indulge the luxury of reading; too much so, perhaps, for proper concentration upon his work, as was natural in a boy to whom poverty had denied the blessing of books. He was a member of the Miami Union Literary Society, but from the records he seems to have taken little part in the routine work of the society. He was not, except when deeply stirred, a ready debater, and his interest in college politics was slight. In 1852 he was selected, with Benjamin Harrison and others, to represent the society in the annual "exhibition" or oratorical event. His theme was "The Importance of a Well Defined Profession," and he is said to have treated it with more than ordinary earnestness—for it was a subject which had begun to trouble him. The death of Henry Clay called forth from him an impromptu speech in the society which is remembered to this day for its aptness and beauty.

In one of his little essays in the *Chicago Journal*, entitled "Sons of Miami," Swing once gave reminiscences of some of his fellow students, and, quite incidentally, a few glimpses of the lighter side of his own college days. Among those recalled were Whitelaw Reid—"a long-haired, graceful youth, nervous, ambitious and industrious"; Calvin S. Brice, Senator from Ohio, "whose wardrobe could have been duplicated for twenty-five dollars, to which pecuniary humility he added not less than a million freckles, and about these little islands in the facial archipelago there was a halo of red hair"; and Benjamin Harrison, of whom he wrote:

"One morning there appeared a pale-faced addition to our regular group. We soon found that the annex was named Benjamin Harrison, and that he was the grandson of the dead President of the name of Harrison. To us Ohio boys, only a day's ride from the tomb at North Bend, the accession to our class was quite an event. The president of the college put on a very wise and serene look and told over, as though for the benefit of the newcomer, some anecdotes which had been told the rest of us upon previous mornings of recitation and conference. For two years Ben did his duty in all directions. He was an earnest, grave fellow and had no time or taste for mischief or for joining in any moonlight serenades. I was out with a dozen or so many a night, singing 'Nellie Bly' or 'Annie Laurie' under the window of some professor or sweet girl, without distinction of person; but Ben was never along. He was either reading or making a weekly call on Carrie Scott. Ben did well enough in Latin or Greek, but his taste ran to history, government, law and oratory. He was an eloquent speaker, not fond of hurling Poe's 'Raven' in our faces, but fond of debate in the halls. He had no vanity, no sense of superiority, but a lofty mind and a pure heart.

"It was a beautiful June day when he graduated. His commencement oration (for there were no 'addresses' or 'remarks,' in a grove so sacred to Demosthenes and Cicero) was upon 'England's Poor.' Thirty-six years have not erased from memory the general drift of that speech—the picture of beggars at each rich man's gate, beggars by the thousand around each palace and made by the palace. His face was long, white and attractive, and when he sat down and the band began to play, all the men and maidens out in the grove said to each other, 'A fine effort,' 'An honor to Miami.'"

When Mr. Harrison read these words he denied, positively, that he had ever been as grave and sedate as Swing made him to appear. He also expressed doubts about no distinction having been made as to the windows under which said serenades were said to have been given. He furthermore charged that the said David Swing, so far from forming said moonlight parties, spent all his spare hours at the home of Dr. Porter—where lived a lovely girl named Lizzie. However it was, and they were both telling tales out of school, we know that they were life-long and dear friends.

The class of 1852, known as "President Harrison's Class," stands out in the history of Miami for the number of its members who won fame in public life. The late L. W. Ross, Dean of Law in the University of Iowa, wrote of that class:

"In worldly goods and available brains the class of 1852 was about like other classes, but it had in it some bright minds. Harrison, in class ranking and merit, was above the average, but was not regarded as an exceptionally brilliant student. Milton Sayler, afterwards Speaker of the lower House of Congress, though lacking in application, was a highly gifted man in many ways, and took first honors. David Swing was the class essayist, and confessedly its best philologist and mathematician. He won second honors, which meant, according to the custom of the time, that he should deliver the Latin

salutatory on commencement day. As a youth he was full of friendship, intellectual curiosity, love of beauty and moral earnestness. He was the most enthusiastic classicist I ever met. He knew his Virgil by heart and the Iliad was as familiar to him as the spelling book. All thought him a master of exquisite English, as well as that most attractive and indefinable of college personages, 'a good fellow.' "

On leaving college Swing found himself at the parting of ways, knowing not which way to turn. He was in debt, he was in love, and, worse still, he was divided in his mind as to what his life work should be, and that weighed upon him heavily. Native born to religion, in the love of God as in the love of his mother, he nevertheless hesitated to enter the pulpit, fearing that he could not be true to his own soul and take upon himself the vows required of a minister. Not that he was a skeptic; he never was; the great truths of faith were to him as the points of the compass. It was in the details of dogma that he felt himself out of accord with the reigning theology—not so much out of accord with it, perhaps, as indifferent to it; and the emphasis laid upon those details deterred him. Just as, at a later time, Jonah and the Whale outranked the Sermon on the Mount, so in that day the foothills of religion seemed more important than its mountains. It was an age of fierce polemics. Whether a man should be put under the water or the water be sprinkled or poured upon the man in baptism, was a question to settle which men girded up their lithe and sinewy intellects and met in debate. Swing felt that such debates about rites and isms was a waste of time and a sin against religion. So we find him turning away from the pulpit in sadness, unwilling to become another factor in a world of factional feud.

This state of mind will doubtless be set down as a weakness by many, especially by those who entered the pulpit under the compulsion of a vivid experience. Indeed, there were those who regarded it as such at the time. But they did not know David Swing, the temper of his mind and the ideal of his life. There was none of the evangelist in him, no burning passion to save souls, no urgent "woe is me if I preach not the gospel." Nor was he of those who were set for the defence of the Faith, knowing that the Faith needs no defence, but, rather, that it defends us from the besieging vanities of life, from the lusts of the flesh and the fear of the grave. His ambition, the dream by which his life was lighted and led, was to inspire in men a love of truth, beauty and the things of the spirit, to refine and exalt their faith, to turn them from the semblance of life to homage for character. Nothing else seemed worth while; nothing else was worthy of the pulpit. But the outlook for such a ministry was not alluring in 1852, least of all in an environment of sectarian rancor. Swing went home from Miami utterly cast down of heart, determined to be a farmer, a lawyer, a teacher, anything, rather than become a molecule in the mass of sectarian agglomeration. That which more than all else, more than the counsels of teachers or the urgings of friends, held him to the path marked out for his soul, was his mother, whose wisdom and piety softened for him the hardness of dogmatic theology. Her faith was a pillar of fire to the youth who was sorely perplexed in mind. At last he made the venture, but timidly, and as a New School preacher in the Old School church.

Accordingly, in the autumn of 1852 he went to Cincinnati to study theology in the Old School Seminary which was held in the First Presbyterian church, and of which Dr. N. L. Rice, pastor of the church, was president. Dr. Rice was an orator, a scholar, and a polemic of rare acumen, whose classes were an attraction to young theologues of that section. There Swing met the same old theology, with its knowledge of things as they were in the beginning, are now, and ever shall be—the scheme of dogma familiar to him from his earliest days. The deep, sad doubt of a later time had not yet arrived, nor the simpler and greater faith. Much of the teaching was narrow, dogmatic and technical, and had to be left behind; but he was fortunate to have lived in an era when theology, although in no way progressive, was yet in the hands of the masters, of whom Dr. Rice was one. The advance afterwards made was due, in no small degree, to the intensity of that heroic drill. His studies were interrupted, however, in the spring of 1853 by the removal of the seminary to Danville, Ky., and by the call of Dr. Rice to the editorship of a church paper in St. Louis. About the same time Swing himself was offered the chair of Latin and Greek at Miami, together with the principalship of the Preparatory Department; and from the alacrity with which he accepted it we may infer that he was not unwilling to escape the bewilderments of theology. For pecuniary reasons, also, he felt that he could not neglect the opportunity. Then, too, there was at Oxford a certain young lady with whom his heart had become entangled, and the arrangement was thus all the more satisfactory. So, at the age of twenty-four, he entered upon his duties as professor of the classics in Miami University.

Swing made Miami interests his own from the first, and found them abundant and satisfying. He felt that he had attained the summit of human ambition. His salary, $550, was raised until it approached $1,000 a year—enough, he thought, to make it prudent to marry. He married Miss Elizabeth Porter, the daughter of a physician of Oxford, a woman domestic in her tastes, sweetly pious, and almost excessively modest. It was an exceedingly happy marriage, as the years proved, and he settled with his young wife in lodgings at the college. As a trainer of boys for college, Swing, like Phillips Brooks, was a failure. He was much too indulgent, using the recitation hour to teach the lesson as often as to hear it recited. He taught, besides Latin and Greek, English literature and some mathematics, and it was in literary studies that he was most at home as a teacher. There was at one time a movement afoot to endow a chair of English to be taught by him and called after his name, but the plan did not mature, owing to financial embarrassments. His enthusiasm for learning was infectious, and the classics were never so popular at Miami as during those years. His chapel talks were largely attended by students and town folks, for he always had something to say and a characteristic mode of expression. Indeed, there was no part of college or village life that he did not brighten with his good-fellowship, his droll humor, and his inveterate prankishness. The early years of his professorship were, as he once said, the happiest of his life.

So far Swing had not preached a single sermon; the farewell lecture of Dr. Rice, enjoining sound doctrine, had discouraged him. The form of doctrine set forth was perhaps sound, but it was also hard, bitter hard, with never a softening touch of pity or of hope, picturing God as an Avenging Fury sending curses hurtling along the path of sinful man. Earth was a ship just ready to sink amidst angry waters, while the heavens above, black with wrath, parted only now and then to receive an elect soul snatched from the wreck. Swing never forgot that lecture and the horror of its grim, forbidding pessimism. A church

near Oxford had turned out of its fellowship a young Presbyterian for the sin of listening to the gospel of "free grace" in a Methodist chapel. Shortly afterward his own assembly expelled one pastor for permitting a woman to speak in his church, and another for advocating Christian union. As a result, Swing seems to have resolved to give up all idea of preaching and to devote himself to teaching of Latin and Greek. But those who loved him and knew his power would not let it be so. Quite imperceptibly, by the strategy of his friends, he was finally drawn into the pulpit. The way of it was this, as Swing told it:

"All through southern Ohio when some pastor was absent a Sunday, I was asked to fill his pulpit. So, in this way, almost without knowing it, I found myself in the harness. I preached for Methodists, Baptists, New and Old School Presbyterians, and hence wrote sermons that would do for any church or chapel. I was not thought sound always, but no complaint was raised, except on the score that I mingled too freely with sects other than my own. I had my doubts about orthodoxy, but avoided committing myself in regard to dogmatic beliefs. Not that I was fearful—the school was a state school—or a skeptic, but such discussions seemed to me utterly profitless. I loved best those truths which had to do with the making of character and the conduct of life."

Once actually in the pulpit, he was engaged to preach every second Sunday at "Harmony Church," five miles from Oxford. This was his first pastorate, a church made up of farmer folk whom he loved and among whom he felt at home. His sermons were as carefully prepared as they would have been for a city audience, and Miami students went out in large numbers to hear him. Many of the traits of his later ministry appeared in those sermons in the country meeting-house—the breadth of view, the masterly language, the pervasive, sweet reasonableness, and the rich, poetic fancy which clothed the most familiar truths in robes of beauty. All the oddities of the quaint orator were there—the awkward bending forward, the angular gestures, and the strange voice. Whatever theme he took, his thought was always simple, sky-clear and full of beauty, and the country people heard him gladly. He was happy in his work and seemed to cherish no higher ambition.

After his return to Oxford Swing had finished his theological training in an improvised seminary conducted by Dr. Claybeau in one of the village churches. But he soon cast dogmatics aside and betook himself to the great books of the world, especially to the classics, which were the favorite haunts of his mind. His study of them was no word anatomy, no grinding at grammar, but a living fellowship with the soul of a race—its worship of the god of bounds, its respect for reason, its sanity and love of life, its vision of the holiness of beauty. Many subjects interested him, notably Dante. He mastered Italian, thinking that he could better interpret the "Divine Comedy" if he read it in the tongue wherein it was born. History he studied to its bypaths, tracing the remote ramifications of laws, ideas and events, and the slow growth in man of liberty, justice and pity; and this is one of the secrets of that unfevered optimism which made his ministry an oasis to baffled or defeated idealists. He was an assiduous reader of biography, as one to whom genius was a mystery and a revelation. He seemed to read everything and to forget nothing, his capacious nature claiming its own wherever large and vital ideas were to be found. It was during this time that he gathered much of that wealth of truth and beauty with which, in after years, he lured men along the paths of meditation. It was here that he perfected his literary style, that harp of ten strings with notes limpid, lucid and simply majestic. One cannot overestimate the worth and charm of those years of high toil and humble service. They were a precious preparation for his larger ministry, glorified as they were by the peace of great thoughts and the chastening force of pure motives.

To be a young man and to have an open mind in that day was to hear many rich-toned voices. Emerson, speaking from the center of serene light, was touching men as with a wand. Swing heard that fresh, clear voice and it thrilled him, but he felt that it lacked sympathy, pity and pathos. Besides being so remote from the warm springs of Christian faith, transcendentalism rested upon insecure foundations for him. He always regarded Emerson as a kind of ethereal Sphinx uttering most inspiring riddles. It caused some shaking of heads when Swing introduced to his pupils "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," as it came out in the *Atlantic Monthly;* for in that section Dr. Holmes was looked upon as the sum of all that was bad, theologically. Some deemed it a grave fault in the young professor that he was so fond of Theodore Parker, but this was excused on the plea that it was Parker's politics more than his theology, or lack of theology, that attracted him. So, indeed, it was, Swing being among the many young men of the day who turned from Emerson to the more red-veined Parker.

Other voices than these, voices from within the church, found response in Swing. He was quick to divine that the movement of Coleridge, which had begun to put on garments of poetry in the lines of Tennyson and Browning, was a re-uttering of the Greek spirit. Browning was too bold a rider for Swing, but the seer-like quality of Tennyson's "In Memoriam' held him as by a spell. And well it might, for when we recall that it was published in 1850, and written in part much earlier, the fact that it reflected as in a prophetic mirror all the clouds of doubt and the blue depths of faith that filled the sky from 1860 to our own day, awes one. Swing was fortunate, also, to have lived through the Bushnell controversies, which began in 1849, as time has shown that death and life lay in those debates. Maurice he found a little foggy, but his plea for a free quest of truth in a truly religious spirit, appealed to Swing, as did his "transformation of Calvinism from the partialism of a sovereign to the universal saving grace of a Father." Those were great voices to which your young professor listened, as he sat keen-eyed and brooding in his Miami study, and there is no blessing like really great teachers in plastic, formative years.

In the meantime the clouds were thickening in the national sky, a blaze of eloquence, such as had not been seen in this land since the days of Patrick Henry, making the shadows seem all the more dark. The Lincoln-Douglas debates had stirrred the middle West to fever heat, and men everywhere felt the fear, the sorrow and the hope of impending upheaval. In the campaign of 1856 Swing had made speeches for Fremont at Williamsburg, Batavia and other points in southern Ohio, to the profound disgust of his stepfather, Mr. Hageman. A specimen of his anti-slavery oratory may not be out of place:

"Christianity weeps today. Need I pronounce the name of slavery? It has advaneed from the South. It came with the frightfulness and stealth of a serpent, coil upon coil, anxious to crush, hungry for a glutton's feast. Missouri was thrown to it and was mangled and poisoned within its folds. Texas, a whole nation in itself, was cast to the monster, and the crushing and poisoning went on. And yet the reptile wormed its way northward and sought new victims. It charmed great senators as the common serpent charms little birds, and they bade the beautiful creature go whithersoever it would, and towards Kansas it dragged its foul length. . . . Is this

world a place of repose? Do we eat, drink and be merry since tomorrow we die? Have nations no honor, no pride? Has Christianity gone away from earth? Has it bathed all our temples in the river Lethe that we might forget Christ, his truth and his cross? But slavery does not only consume states. It ruins the souls of men. It changes the halls of Congress into a convention of pugilists and duelists. There Brooks beat with dreadful blows the senator from Massachusetts. There Pryor sent his challenges. There Wigfall raved through intoxication. . . . But slavery did not pause with territory nor with congressmen; its influence was felt in millions of hearts. It prevented southern literature from rising into vigorous life, and often cursed it with sad blemishes so far as it has any existence. The letters of a Stuart Robinson or a Parson Brownlow are all vulgarity. . . . Slavery, however, is not satisfied. There has never yet been found a point at which slavery has cried enough; to the lowest depth it finds a lower deep. Oh, why has God hesitated so long to sweep from existence a nation so infamous that dared not even check the progress of such a destroyer. He spared the nation that the lovers of truth might combat here! God knows the mission of man, and leaves him to struggle onward. Thus for generations the Netherlands fought the Roman bigots; thus the patriot hearts of England toiled on; thus the patriots of America toil upward today, carrying truth's great cross."

Politics supplied the deficiency of athletics at Miami in those years. The student body was made up of boys from the West and South, and it registered the pulse of the nation. There were hot debates in the halls which sometimes ended in fist encounters on the campus. Swing, born with the editorial habit, wrote the "leaders" for the Oxford *Citizen* during this stormy period, and his lines had no uncertain ring. It shows the temper of the hour that one of his sermons in the village church was the occasion of a bitter tirade from the Cincinnati *Inquirer,* in which it was denounced as a bit of "dirty pulpit politics."

Clay had gone to his tomb, and in the hands of madcaps and hotspurs on both sides war was inevitable. Compromise would only remove the date a few years into the future. At last it came, when an old man named Edmund Ruffin begged permission to fire the first gun on Fort Sumter—

> "Ah, then and there was hurrying to and fro
> And gathering tears and tremblings and distress.
> There was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
> The mustering squadron, and the clattering car
> Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
> And swiftly forming in the ranks of war."

Swing was too frail to be a soldier, and long afterward in a sermon on "Memories of the War," we find him quoting with deep pathos the lines of Lowell, ending with the words,

> "To the saner minds
> We rather seem the dead who stayed behind."

But he saw the whole vast tragedy, and it was as if the soul of the nation had passed into his own. It was pitiful to see him then—this man whose eyes filled with tears at sight of a bird with broken wing—as a box came home bringing the remains of some boy whom he had taught or with whom he had studied. The awful hush which fell over the land before a great battle sent him to his knees, and there were nights when sleep fled at thought of Miami boys stretched on far away fields, their white faces turned to the sky. The college was almost deserted and the salaries of teachers were reduced to bare living expenses. Alfred Swing had joined the army and was wounded at Shiloh. While he was in the hospital his baby died, and David hurried to the beshadowed home and took the absent father's place beside the little grave. After his recovery Alfred served the Cincinnati *Times* as correspondent and field artist until the end of the war.

Peace dawned, but Lincoln fell. Swing preached the memorial sermon at Oxford, with face wet and a voice choked with emotion. The sermon was published in a pamphlet by request, but no copy remains. He was always a hero-worshiper, for all his calm poise of mind, and the strange, sad, glad, heroic, pathetic genius of Lincoln led him captive from the first, and he remained his follower to the end.

It was a felicity of the ministry of Swing that its obscure part came first. He had settled in his professorship at Oxford expecting to remain there permanently. He enjoyed an enviable fame as a preacher in the community, and as a man he was greatly beloved. In 1862 he had received an invitation to a Chicago church and had accepted it, but a few days later he withdrew his acceptance, stating that he felt himself unqualified permanently to interest a city audience. He declined two other invitations for the same reason. At last Mr. Abram Pence, a former pupil of his at Miami who lived in Chicago, tried strategy, by telling him that it was hinted that he was to lose his position as teacher at Miami. This was a bit of exaggeration, though the trustees had talked of putting the Preparatory Department into other hands, for Swing, as I have said, was too gentle to train boys for college. "He is a teacher of teachers," as one of the trustees put it, "not a drill master for a village brass band." His work in the higher branches left nothing to be desired, for in his class rooms he was like the schoolmaster in "Snowbound," whose versions told

> "Of classic legends rare and old,
> Wherein the scenes of Greece and Rome
> Had all the commonplace of home."

But the ruse worked, and Swing was induced "to take the risk," as he called it; but he did so with much reluctance, saying that he would preach all he had to say in six months "and run dry." He actually took up the study of law to have something to fall back upon when he ran dry.

It was so all his life long. There never was a man less sensible of his own power, and this without any inverted egotism or loss of true dignity. "He was a man whom his friends carried along," as one of them said, and in every crisis the decisions were forced upon him. Honors sought him, he did not seek them. He came to Chicago in the autumn of 1866, to the little Westminster Presbyterian church, and that city became the scene of his trials and triumphs.

Harmony

'Twas the voice of a brick in a building high,
  A brick of the lower tier;
"Behold my brothers mount up to the sky
  And leave me forgotten here.
But I hold my place, and I bide my time,
  That must come to the great and small;
And though I be lost in the dirt and the grime,
  I'm the hope of the whole high wall.

"There be brothers of mine at the very top
  Of the building so broad and high,
And they think to go forward and never to stop
  This side of the sun-kissed sky.
'Oh, the poor dull bricks of the lower wall,'
  They cry as they look below;
But their harsh words ruffle me not at all,
  For the base of their strength I know.

"It is on my shoulders they upward mount
  To their place in the sunlight fair,
And, though far below them, I still account
  Myself the highest there.
For the law that governs I understand,
  And the law of the world to be;
It is this: We are all as one in the land,
  As the drops are all one in the sea."

—*Charles Eugene Banks.*

CORRESPONDENCE

Calvin and Cervetus Once More

I do not want to carry on a controversy with my dear friend Mr. Wendte, with whom on all questions of toleration and the like I am of course in absolute accord, but I should like, in the interest of history, to make clear, with reference to his letter in UNITY on Calvin and Servetus, what my contention is and what it is not. On one or two side matters I should take issue with Mr. Wendte. When he says that the present effort for the Calvin monument at Geneva and the publication of a new edition of Calvin's writings are "a significant witness to the decadence of Calvin's influence," I should ask if he would say the same with reference to the new edition of Theodore Parker's writings and the effort to preserve Parker's old West Roxbury church as a memorial; or the same with reference to the fine new edition of Luther and the erection a while ago of the great Luther monument at Worms. It is quite possible that the direct influence of none of these men is at the moment increasing; but memorials and new editions are certainly not in themselves a witness that it is decaying, and in all the cases alike they are a witness to gratitude and veneration. It goes without saying among Unitarians that certain ideas of the divine nature broached by Servetus have "triumphed" in certain circles, not yet comparatively large circles in the Christian church itself, as against the Trinitarian position of Calvin as also of Wyclif, Luther, John Winthrop and John Cotton; but this is no reason why we should not honor all of these men for their great constructive achievements, why we should not rejoice—as, of course, Mr. Wendte and I alike do—that a statue of John Cotton has just been placed inside the First Church of Boston and one of Winthrop stands outside the door. Winthrop and Cotton, a century after Calvin, showed themselves just as intolerant of Roger Williams and Mrs. Hutchinson, whom they banished from their state, as Calvin was intolerant of Unitarianism; but this was not the important thing about Winthrop and Cotton.

The fact that heretics are burned in one century, banished in another, and put out of their professorships, cutting off remorselessly their livelihood, in ours—as has just happened in Boston in the case of the ablest Old Testament scholar in the Methodist Church—has nothing to do with the matter. As matter of fact, Calvin tried earnestly—he was the one man who did try—to have Servetus' sentence changed from burning to beheadal; but burning as a form of execution was in no sense whatever the horrifying thing three centuries and a half ago that it is today, and was the common form for heresy. It did not begin to trouble people as hanging and electrocution trouble me and some others today, but as I have just found at a legislative hearing, do not yet trouble the majority of my fellow citizens in Massachusetts, including statesmen and divines, whom I should scruple to call cruel monsters, although I think history will call them mournfully benighted, as I call them, and as I call John Calvin and his generation in burning heretics. I rejoice that now we hang men for murder only. Two hundred years ago they hung men for two hundred crimes; but an English parson two hundred years ago would not fairly have been execrable for zeal in getting to court men who had stolen sheep because he knew the penalty for sheep-stealing was hanging. It is sad indeed that great men are not great enough to transcend all the errors of their stage of civilization; but unhappily Calvin in this is in no way uncommon. Bacon made as short shift with Puritans as Sir Matthew Hale did with witches, both doubtless believing they were doing God service. All the defenders of slavery here in America, in the last century, were not, as I remember, little and unimportant men. The blind spots in great minds would form the subject for a very long chapter in history. All that I ask is that John Calvin shall be dealt with no more severely, and no less, than other great men in history who have failed to see the streaks of dawn that by and by became the common light of noon, and because they failed became figures in tragedy.

Tragical reading indeed is the story of the trial of Servetus. The story of the trial of Mrs. Hutchinson —I had occasion to read through the original record this last summer—is tragical and almost incredible in 1908. It is not the pleasanter because John Eliot, the apostle to the Indians, was one of the most unrelenting of the judges, and because Thomas Hooker, "under whose mighty preaching on the banks of the Connecticut," as Johnstons phrase is, "we draw the first breath of American democracy," came all the way from Hartford to be one of the moderators. "You shall have what interest I have in heaven to help you in that work," he wrote to Winthrop before he came. The principle and animus of all these men, a hundred years after Calvin, were precisely the same as Calvin's in the Servetus matter, and as Cranmer's, who, likewise a Protestant, was at the very Servetus time burning Joan Bocher and sundry others.

The contention that Calvin, in prosecuting Servetus, was actuated controllingly by personal motives, by a spirit of revenge, cannot be sustained and should be dismissed. Whatever Calvin's faults, whatever the intensity of his intolerance and his assurance that his way was God's way, the man whom such men as Beza and Farel and Knox and Wittingham and Bullinger and Melancthon not only reverenced but loved, was certainly not base in any other sense than we may call Winthrop and Hooker base toward Mrs. Hutchinson. That Calvin even prompted William Trie to write to the Catholics at Lyons is without proof and is unlikely; the judgment of Professor Williston Walker, our own eminent Calvin scholar, the results of whose searching examination have recently been given us, is here at one with the judgment of Choisy and the best Geneva scholars. That he was ready to coöperate with any evidence he could furnish is to be viewed precisely as would be viewed today the readiness of Bishop Potter to furnish evidence against some dangerous criminal at large, with whom he had chanced to stand in earlier unpleasant personal relations. How dangerous a Unitarian and pantheist, a man who declared in the face of the Geneva Council his belief that the floor and benches of the court room were the substance of God, and to Calvin's interjection, "Then the devil is God in substance," replied with a laugh, "Do you doubt it?"—how dangerous such a man was in the eyes of men to whom heresy was the most dangerous of crimes, whose philosophy was rigidly dualistic, and to whom the devil was as distinct and personal as the pope of Rome, is something which the ordinary Unitarian in Jefferson's and Emerson's America does not easily or always understand. The only strong ground for assuming that Calvin was actuated by personal resentment is the fact that Servetus had given him such bitter provocation for resentment, by brutal and vulgar vituperation such as I have seldom or never seen equalled in a pretty wide reading of the controversies of that violent and vituperative age.

Calvin acted in accord with his Geneva associates and had the united approval of the Swiss churches. The letters of the churches of Berne, Basel, Schaffhausen and Zurich, when they were appealed to for counsel by the Geneva church, are all in the books, and all much fiercer than Calvin. "We think," wrote the Zurich church, undoubtedly by the hand of the saintly Bullinger, "you ought to show the greater severity, inasmuch as our churches have the evil reputation abroad of countenancing heretics. The holy providence of God presents you at this moment with an opportunity of clearing yourselves as well as us from such injurious imputations." Melancthon, gentlest and most tolerant of all the reformers, wrote after the execution that it "was justly done." Castellio at Basel, to his eternal glory, spoke out against the shame, and David Bruck and Minus Celsus and a few others of inferior note protested in their way, one of them reminding Calvin of some old generalities of his own about toleration; but the burning of the great heretic, whom we so righteously honor today not only for his fidelity unto death to the truth as he saw it, but also for his preëminent scientific originality and power, created no more general ripple in regular and "respectable" Protestant circles than did the burning of Protestants in England by the hundred, which began the very year of Servetus' martyrdom, among the Roman Catholics.

And this is the main thing to be remembered. Mr. Wendte cannot forgive Calvin, himself a heretic, for persecuting another heretic, and quotes Gibbon's similar word with reference to this same Servetus case. We can talk as much as we please about the logic of Protestantism, itself based on the appeal to reason, commanding toleration. Logic is one thing, and history is another. It takes logic a long time to work itself out in history in this world; and the history of Protestantism for a century after Calvin was a history of burnings and hangings of Catholics and heretics by the hundred. However eloquent we may be about logical implications and imperatives, persecution during this whole period and longer was a positive dogma of Protestantism; any important recognition of the principle of toleration was a thing of later birth. The coercive laws of Elizabeth against the Catholics, when she was burning them by the score in England, years after Servetus suffered in Geneva, were openly justified by Bishop Bilson, the principal official apologist, on the ground of the absolute sinfulness of toleration. Lecky supports his contention that Protestants persecuted, if not so atrociously, quite as generally as Catholics, by an appalling bill of particulars; no man can understand the atmosphere of Geneva and of Europe in 1553, which he must understand in order to approach the Servetus tragedy justly, who is not familiar with the facts so powerfully compacted in Lecky's searching chapter on the history of persecution, in his History of Rationalism in Europe. People are constantly judging the founders of Boston, who dealt so sharply with Roger Williams and Anne Hutchinson a century after Calvin, for heresies trivial compared with that of Servetus, as if they were men who had themselves been preaching universal toleration and came here in that interest. They came for nothing of the sort. The founders of Plymouth had come into touch with the more liberal doctrines of Holland, where William the Silent and even the Catholic Jeannin had championed complete toleration, as Cromwell did presently in England; and their record is clean. But for the most part Catholic and Protestant were tarred with the same stick, and both alike became more enlightened and humane after a protracted period of darkness—enlightened and compelled largely by the logic and maturing of principles of liberty and justice and reason which had their chief root and dynamo in John Calvin and came to flower and power in Holland and Scotland and England and New England, where John Calvin's thought and spirit went. It is not hard to understand why the one history which Emerson wished that he might write was the history of the influence of Calvinism in New England, and why he, who transcended it in so much, reverenced it in so much, and contrasted it not to its disadvantage with so many "pale" things which have followed it in New England. Of all the movements of the Reformation, there was no other which had such vital impulse and inherent power to develop and go beyond itself as that of Calvin at Geneva. Such a movement can at every stage confess and repudiate its every earlier limitation and wrong frankly and manfully. The most impressive thing about the Servetus monument at Geneva, a monument unique in religious history, is the fact that it was not reared by Calvin's merciless critics, who had generations to do it in and did not do it, but by Calvin's own enlightened sons. To rear any other monument to Servetus in Geneva beside this most eloquent of monuments would be a thing to be deplored. To do it, as it is intimated some desire, at the time of the Calvin commemoration, for the purpose of dimming Calvin's lustre, would be an act of meanness unique in religious or scientific history.

Treat John Calvin fairly, even if he did burn a Unitarian—not the least excusable but the most excusable burnings to the mind of 1553. Condemn the burning of Servetus as hotly as you please; but don't do it without telling of the burning of Anne Askew in London only half a dozen years before, not by "papists," but by a body of ecclesiastics who had already shaken off Roman supremacy and who in her whole trial and tortures and execution subjected her to outrages beside which the treatment of Servetus at Geneva seems decency itself. Don't do it without telling the story of John Frith, victim alike of Sir Thomas More, most enlightened and humane of Catholic Englishmen, and of Cranmer. Don't do it without telling of the wholesale persecutions by Cranmer, the first Protestant archbishop; of the Dutchman whom he committed to the flames just three years before Servetus suffered and for precisely the same Arian heresy; and especially of the burning of Joan Bocher at the same time for the opposite heresy, the denying of the human nature of Christ. Why when we read that, when Cranmer and his friends labored with her, she was "so high in spirit that they could do nothing" not say, if we say the same of Calvin at Geneva, that Cranmer clearly compassed her destruction out of personal pique and pride—especially when we find Foxe declaring that Cranmer was solely responsible for her death and that he obtained the King's signature to the order for her execution by something like coercion? Don't tell the story of Servetus without telling the story of Copping and Thacker, the first martyrs of Independency, hanged by English Protestants thirty years after Servetus suffered, and of John Greenwood and Henry Barrowe and John Penry—all men of character so much more beautiful and custodians of truth so much more urgent than that of Servetus—hanged forty years after. If any want to see what the most eminent and authoritative English Protestantism stood for in 1593, comparing it if they please with Geneva in 1553, let them

read Barrowe's own account of his trials and prisons and Dr. Dexter's chapter on "The Martyrs of Congregationalism."

It is not as we measure Calvin by our civilization, but by his, that our measurement is just. Grateful and inspiring indeed would it be if we could say at this great anniversary time that he was superior to all the errors of his associates and of his age. He was not superior; but to dwell upon his mournful failure at such a time, in the presence of his mighty mind and consecration and achievement, is like dwelling on Washington's cursing at Monmouth, in the Connecticut capitol upon the democratic Hooker in his despotic role as moderator of the Cambridge synod of 1637, and beside the Reformation monument at Worms upon Luther's fierceness against the peasants in the Peasants' War.

EDWIN D. MEAD.

THE WATCH TOWER

Watchman, tell us of the night;
What its signs of promise are!

The Week

Trouble in Haiti.

Recent dispatches from Haiti and European capitals proclaim the inauguration of a reign of terror in our island neighbor in the Antilles. The powers that happen to be for the moment are getting rid of some of their political enemies in summary fashion, greatly to the discomfiture of the white residents of the island, who find that they are not safe even under the protection of the embassies. Details at present writing are meager, but enough is known to warrant the sending of warships at once by England, France, Germany and the United States to Port-au-Prince to protect their respective citizens and interests.

Sunday Closing Trials Resumed.

Since Judge Heap's ruling, in the matter of the Chicago Sunday closing cases, that prospective jurymen should not be questioned as to their attitude towards the law requiring saloons to be closed on Sunday, that is, whether they are in favor of its enforcement or non-enforcement,—the liquor interests have been perniciously active in their attempts to learn beforehand the views of veniremen on the subject. The cases have been reopened in Judge Heap's court and are now in progress. Last Monday five veniremen summoned before Chief Justice Olson, of the Municipal Court, declared that they had been indirectly approached by the defense and were excused. Whether such clandestine work on the part of the saloon element will be or can be prevented by the court remains to be seen. Under Judge Heap's ruling a conviction seems most probable.

Esperanto Congress.

A series of lectures is being delivered in Chicago by Prof. Edmond Privat, the organizing secretary of the Geneva Esperanto Congress, on the use and significance of Esperanto as an international language. Professor Privat's statements as to the growth of Esperanto are rather interesting. He avers that more than a million people in Europe are studying the language, that it is being taught in many of the French public schools and in the English business colleges. The spread has been considerable in this country, too, so much so that during 1909 the Great Esperanto Congress will probably be held at Chautauqua. Professor Privat lays special stress on the fact that Esperanto is not designed to supplant any of the established languages, but merely to supply a means of international communication for purposes of business or convenience in traveling. It is to be an "auxiliary" language. As such it has passed the experimental stage.

Our Fleet.

Admiral Evans, in command of the flower of our navy, dropped anchor in Magdalena Bay last week ahead of schedule. Reports from the fleet of an official character are enthusiastic over the performance of the men and ships during the long voyage around South America, now so auspiciously concluded. No accidents of any moment have marred the trip, the huge fighting machines have proved their seaworthiness and the other nations of the world are loud in their acclamations of praise and approval, especially France. The fleet is now under orders to proceed westward, after target practice and a few weeks of incidental visiting at our Pacific ports, to the Sandwich Islands, Samoa, the Philippines and Australia, thence homeward by way of Suez. In spite of the misgivings of many, the criticisms of President Roosevelt's policy in sending so large and unwieldy a fleet on so long and dangerous a journey, and the croaking of the jingoes, the plan has vindicated itself and the country admits the wisdom of the move. In the writer's opinion our battleship fleet is a harbinger of peace, a moral force, a creator of a greater and profounder respect for our American civilization and what it stands for.

John R. Walsh.

Judge Anderson has refused to grant a new trial to the convicted ex-banker of Chicago. Probably to many others who have followed the case besides Judge Anderson the argument of counsel for the defense seemed more or less a matter of quibbling and trifling. The judge took occasion to express his views rather sharply before pronouncing sentence, maintaining that the evidence clearly showed the defendant guilty of misapplying the bank funds under his control to illegitimate private ends. Mr. Walsh was sentenced to five years in the Federal prison at Leavenworth, a sentence made purposely light by reason of the defendant's advanced age. An appeal was immediately taken, which will not be heard for six months. It is believed that the defense will not yield short of a Federal Supreme Court decision.

Safety of Chicago Churches and Schools.

The late Cleveland disaster has aroused anew that public sense of caution which is so liable to become blunted after a long period of immunity from accident. An investigation made last Sunday by the Chicago Fire Department shows that practically all of the churches of this city are living in strict accordance with the rigid ordinances that were passed soon after the Iroquois holocaust four years ago. The schools, too, have latterly been carefully inspected. Some were found wanting in certain respects, but the majority conform to the legal requirements regarding protection against fire. There should be no altercations between the school board and the building commissioner's office. Adequate fire protection for all school buildings should be provided at any cost.

Sale of Deadly Weapons.

Restrictions governing the sale and use of deadly weapons have been embodied in an ordinance now under discussion in the Chicago city council. This measure is the outcome of the recent unfortunate Averbach affair, but has nevertheless so many points in its favor that it ought to become a law. It is opposed only by the dealers in such wares, and favored by every law-abiding citizen.

Pontiac Horrors.

The immediate center of interest in the investigation of the Illinois state institutions is just now the reformatory at Pontiac. Enough undisputed facts have come out to show that a most brutal system of the punishment of prisoners has been in vogue there. The chairman of the committee insisted upon having them chain him up by the hands in a dark cell, as had been done by the Hamlin boy, whose death is being investigated, and soon found that the treatment was such as no human being ought to be subjected to in these modern days. The light must be let in on these dark places, and the philanthropists, and not the political job-holders, must be put in charge of our prisons.

Orchard to be Sentenced.

As a gloomy sequel of the notorious Boise trials it is stated that Harry Orchard is to receive his death sentence this week for the murder of former Governor Steunenburg, of Idaho. Orchard stoutly refuses to plead anything but guilty and is calmly preparing for the inevitable.

P. S. W.

The Glory That Was Spain

I stood above Granada, on a height
Between Alhambra, goldenly aglow,
And the sad hill Albaicin, where woe
And squalor cower in noisome caves by night.
Far down, the Darro, in its path of light,
Glimmered toward day now swiftly dipping low,
Yet kissing with last, lingering rays the snow
On the tall Sierras, till all the east was bright.
Brighter wast thou, O Spain, at thy white dawn,
When thou stood'st firm, strong bulwark of Christ's folk;
Ere from thy face the Christ-light was withdrawn,
And on thy neck was laid the bigot's yoke.
Now between gilded show and knaves that fawn,
Thou sitt'st at dusk, proud in thy beggar's cloak.

—J. B. Fletcher, in the March Atlantic.

THE HOME

(Contributions for this department should be sent to Mrs. William Kent, Kentfield, Marin Co., California.)

Helps To High Living

SUN.—Speak what you account great truths frankly, strongly, boldly.
MON.—Beware of the sophistry which reconciles the conscience to the suppression or vague lifeless utterance of unpopular truths.
TUES.—Wait not to be backed by members.
WED.—Wait not until you are sure of an echo from the crowd.
THURS.—The fewer the voices on the side of truth, the more distinct and strong must be your own.
FRI.—Courage even on the side of error is power.
SAT.—Abide by your conviction at all hazards.

—*William E. Channing.*

The Child

You may be Christ or Shakespeare, little child,
A savior or a sun to the lost world.
There is no babe born but may carry furled
Strength to make bloom the world's disastrous wild,
Oh, what then must our labors be to mold you,
To open the heart, to build with dream the brain,
To strengthen the young soul in toil and pain,
Till our age-aching hands no longer hold you!

Vision far-dreamed! But soft! If your last goal
Be low, if you are only common clay,
What then? Toil lost? Were our toil trebled, nay!
You are a soul, you are a human soul,
A greater than the skies ten trillion starred—
Shakespeare no greater, O you slip of God!

—*James Oppenheim, in the Cosmopolitan.*

A Basket of Birds

My study is on the edge of a wood, where I can look into both pine and oak trees, which are a great delight.

One of the pine-trees shelters Mr. and Mrs. Squirrel, who, in the first cold weather of the fall, built them a large nest on one of the topmost branches. They must have known that the winter of 1907 was to be one of the coldest ever known, and prepared a fine home where they could snuggle and cuddle close to one another, and keep warm among the thick branches.

Mrs. Squirrel was at one time a house pet in the family of one of my neighbors. Given her liberty one day, she disappeared in the grove, and would never return. One day last fall she slipped into the kitchen, seeming familiar with the place, but would not remain, and slipped out again, preferring her liberty and her mate. She is very beautiful in her heavy winter coat of light gray fur, and is as happy as the day is long. Muffet is her name, and Muffet is a beauty.

Beautiful, jaunty bluejays delight my eye as they flit among the trees, and saucy crows sometimes stop in these pines in the early morning. On one of the coldest days of this winter I hung a grape-basket by a short string on to the clothesline, and put in suet, seeds and breadcrumbs, and within a very short time the chickadees had found it, and such a picnic as they had!

First one bird came alone to take a survey of things, took a few bites, and then flew away, returning ere long with two other chickadees. In their delight they twittered and ate, and ate and twittered, fluttering their wings and spreading hemselves about in their joy, till just those three chickadees filled all the space, and made in truth a "basket of birds."

After they had had their fill they flew away; but from that day they have made frequent flights to their hanging pantry, which is always kept well supplied with food for these dear little visitors. One of the bitterest days of the winter a sudden north wind blew the basket round and round in an exciting whirl. A bird was holding on to each end of the basket, not daring to let go its hold until the gale subsided. They looked steadily at each other as if in fear, but after a few minutes seemed to become accustomed to the whirl, and finally to really enjoy the dainty "merry-go-round."

But, when the wind ceased for a second, they flew away, and were not seen until the next day, which was a still one. They are very tame already, and will let me go within three feet of their basket, and view me with a friendly eye, as I call chickadee-dee-dee, plainly knowing whence comes their food.

Cats will sometimes come below the basket to get the "crumbs that fall from their master's table," and will glare threateningly at them; but one bird, more courageous than the others, will look over the edge of the basket at the cat, and still keep picking at her food, ready to escape at any moment, "knowing that she hath wings." These little creatures show their likes and dislikes, their jealousies and pleasures, and it is very interesting to watch these winter companions.

As spring opens, I expect bluebirds, phœbe-birds and robins will come to my hanging pantry. Hang out a basket and learn that the benefit is not alone to the birds but also to yourself.—*Lucy E. Knowlton, in Every Other Sunday.*

UNITY'S THIRTIETH REGIMENT

Pledges for Thirty Dollar Subscriptions to the Unity Endowment Fund

(*Continued from last week.*)

WANTED RECRUITS!

From Washington, D. C. UNITY comes to me like an outside friend, telling me of the great and good things that are going on in our midst. I have very little spare time for reading, but UNITY cheers me up, and while I am in training here to be a nurse, I will stand by her.

From a Generous Helper. Enclosed please find check for $30 towards UNITY's Endowment Fund. I thoroughly enjoy its ethical and other teachings and look forward to its coming with pleasure.

From Prairieton, Ind. UNITY has been a strong staff through many a year of trial, and it is one of my great pleasures to hear my son and daughter quote and indorse its high principles on many occasions.

From Saco, Maine. I consider UNITY about as good missionary work as can be done.

From Britton, S. D. I wrote you some time ago that I did not feel able to contribute $30 now, but would give $5 now and perhaps could give some more next year. I am going to make it $10, and if I live expect to make it $30 within the next few years. Hoping you will succeed in raising the Endowment Fund for UNITY, I am,

From White Bluff, Tenn. Your earnest appeal to your readers has not fallen on unappreciative ears when it reached me. I had a Christmas present of UNITY for 1907 and have enjoyed it much and appreciate the work you are doing and that you propose to do. It is great. It is needed. Good will come of the effort.

From New York. I wish the sum were ten times as large or larger. Here's to UNITY. Long may she wave.

Judas, the Benefactor

I gave the kiss of death and brought undying fame
To him receiving it;
I led them to the garden, dank and dark.
And instantly a light seen round the world
Illum'ned Gethsemane.
They nailed him to the cross and straightway it became
An object to be worshipped and adored.
And I, thus aiding man in his salvation scheme,
Am spit upon, derailed at, and reviled.

ALTHEA A. OGDEN.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY **UNITY** ESTABLISHED 1878

The Unity Publishing Company
Abraham Lincoln Centre

Entered at Chicago, Ill., Postoffice as Second Class Matter.

$2.00 PER ANNUM

SENIOR EDITOR.....JENKIN LLOYD JONES
ASSISTANT EDITOR.....EDITH LACKERSTEEN
DEPARTMENT EDITORS...CYRUS A. OSBORNE, MRS. WM. KENT, MISS MARY E. HAWLEY

THE WATCH TOWER:
C. A. Osborne Willard B. Thorp Payson S. Wild

"Entered as Second-Class Matter January 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879.

EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS:

Jane Addams, Wilson M. Backus, James A. Blaisdell, Francis A. Christie, Joseph H. Crooker, Robert C. Denison, John Faville, William C. Gannett, Fred V. Hawley, Charles R. Henderson, Emil G. Hirsch, Newton Mann, E. P. Powell, Granville Ross Pike, William M. Salter, Albion W. Small, Frederick Starr, Joseph Stolz, Hiram W. Thomas, Eugene G. Updike, Fred Alban Weil, R. A. White, Charles Zeublin

THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

Foreign Notes

DISARMAMENT IN FRANCE.—France has been coming to the fore very rapidly of late years as a leader in all that tends toward the promotion of international peace and her leading "pacifists" have inspired us with so much enthusiasm and respect that one cannot but read with a feeling of sadness the following reflections from no less an authority than Charles Gide, on the subject of recent governmental action in that country. Published originally in *L'Emancipation,* I find them reproduced in the current issue of *L'Avant-garde.* Mr. Gide says:

"France is about to disarm. It is a great event. She disarms on land; for she reduces her army by 45,000 men, according to the estimates of the minister of war, and we may well suppose that this figure will prove less than the reality. Furthermore, it will become so more and more each year, owing to the steady decline in the birth rate. It is the equivalent of two army corps, which, from now on, will be suppressed. Henceforth our active force will be inferior by 100,000 men to that of the Germans. This is categorical renunciation of our 'revenge.'

"She is disarming at sea; for she is not increasing her naval budget, though the cost of new ironclads has doubled. England has doubled her navel budget, Germany and the United States have tripled theirs, and Japan has quadrupled hers. Russia, Italy, and even Spain are rivaling one another in this domain. From this time the war fleet of France will rank fourth, and soon it will be only fifth, below that of Japan. Furthermore, our inferiority is doubled by the fact that with the leaky administration of our arsenals, we get less for our money than others do. For an expenditure of 104 millions England gets *four* ironclads; Germany, *three;* France, only *two.*

"Very well, say our readers, no doubt, this is all very good. We are all, readers and collaborators alike, pacifists, are we not, and therefore this is good news, a cheering and welcome new year message?

"Most assuredly we would be the first to applaud if this disarmament were due to a firm, deliberate intention to proclaim peace to the world, as Victor Hugo said, but I fear that it is due to less noble aspirations.

"If at the Hague conference, where the question of disarmament was timidly presented and quickly withdrawn, the representative of France had risen and said: 'No one wants to begin? Very well then, it is we who will give the signal. We are going to reduce our army one tenth and will pledge ourselves not to increase our fleet. If other states wish to continue their mad career toward ruin, let them do it! We shall not follow them; we wish to save our money and our labor for more useful ends, for works of life rather than those of death. It is with no light heart that we have come to this decision: we know that by this step we are risking the very existence of our country, but we believe in the honor of our adversaries and do not insult them by thinking that they will take advantage of the moment when we lay down the sword to attack us. And if, to their shame, they should do it, we do not believe that our allies and friends would permit this country, for having been the first to adopt the policy of disarmament, to be bombarded by those who had lagged behind.'

"Had the French Republic spoken in such fashion as this, the response would have been tremendous acclamation, and such an augmentation of her influence and authority in the world as would have been worth ten times all that she sacrificed in apparent strength.

"But she did not do this. On the contrary she tried to convince the world and to convince herself that she was going to remain as strong as ever. One need only read the official utterances. And why this lie, which deceived no one, least of all outsiders? It is because our reasons for disarmament were not such as one could well admit in public, not being to our credit, so we preferred to deny the intention. It is not to bring peace to the world, but to satisfy certain voters who are inconvenienced by military service, that this service has just been reduced to two years, and will soon be reduced to one. year.

"Nor is it at all a question of love of peace, but of love of one's ease. These men shun military service for the same reason that women do that of maternity—though the latter is the more dangerous!

"And if we are going to reduce the periods even of training for those who belong to the reserve or to the territorial force, does any one imagine that it is for the sake of peace? Not at all! Switzerland, of whose peaceableness there can be no question, has just, at the very time when France was reducing the length of the drill periods, increased that of her citizens, and this not by a law imposed in spite of them, but by a popular vote. It is because the Swiss know very well that this service has no offensive aim, but only defense of the fatherland, and for that they are not ones to haggle over a few days' service for their country. As to that, perhaps the French would have responded as bravely as the Swiss, had they been asked and especially if the maintenance, or even the extension, of the 28 and 13 days been set before them as the necessary offset for the reduction of the active service to two years. It has not been shown that a majority of the French demanded this reform, but the deputies offered it to them as a little gift to make them forget the slap administered a year ago at this time.

"This is why we cannot rejoice over a disarmament that has only selfish motives. We should have applauded a disarmament frankly announced. On the other hand, we can understand, though we do not share, the view of those who hold that under present conditions, France cannot afford to disarm. What we cannot understand is this ambiguous situation in which France assumes all the risks of disarmament without having any of the honor of it." M. E. H.

Love and Loyalty

BY JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

(From the University of Chicago Press.)

A New Book of Sermons Preached to His Confirmation Classes From Texts of Their Own Choosing.

There is a prefatory sermon on "Life's Commencements," which should be read by the world as a whole, so wise and gentle and kindly is it. Though a book of printed sermons, such work should be carefully discriminated from the ordinary perfunctory work of American pulpits. Mr. Jones has a personality which has enabled him to win and retain a congregation which is willing to think, and regards no branch of human knowledge as too remote for its intelligent interest.—*The News* (Chicago).

They are sermons to inspire pure living and high thinking, and Christian teachers, even Baptists "in their little shell," will find in them many admirable thoughts and illustrations for the encouragement of youth.—*The Watchman* (Boston, Mass.).

It is clean, wholesome, rugged. It comes from a soul in full communion with Ruskin, Emerson, Browning and other like world spirits. [But] the religion of the cross still contains a subtle and universal power far beyond that of any gospel with the divine Christ omitted.—*Christian Century* (Chicago).

My husband spends all his leisure time in reading it to me.—*From a bride who received it as a wedding gift.*

UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY
Abraham Lincoln Centre
Chicago
Price, $1.50.

Extraordinary Book Offer

It is with much gratification that we announce the consummation of a special arrangement with the publishers of SUCCESS MAGAZINE, whereby we are enabled to present

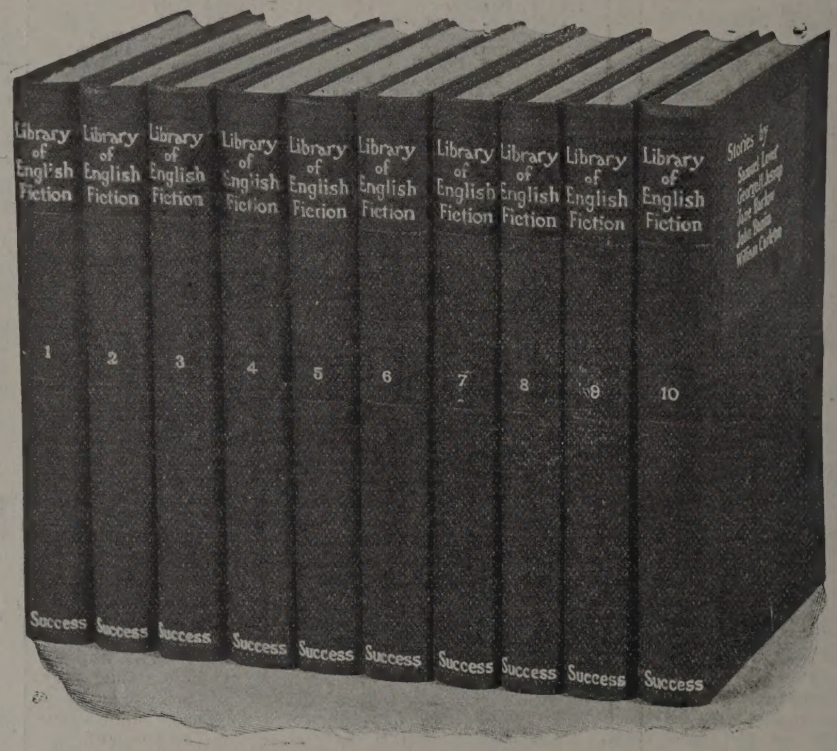
60 Masterpieces of Fiction

known as the "Library of English Fiction," consisting of 10 volumes, richly bound; 2,000 pages of text, printed on excellent paper, each volume 7 x 4½ inches, together with a full year's subscription to the SUCCESS MAGAZINE and a new subscription to UNITY, at an unparalleled low price.

Library of English Fiction
10 Vols., Express Paid
Success Magazine
One Year
Unity One Year
To a New Subscriber

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY PRICE
$3.25

FOR ALL
This is a limited offer and should be taken advantage of at once



FROM a bookmaking standpoint the "Library of English Fiction" is a triumph of the binder's art. The type is large and the books are exquisitely printed on a fine quality of toned paper specially chosen for this work. Each volume is strongly and richly bound in watered cloth of a tasteful shade of red. The set comprises about 2,000 pages of text, Within its covers are sixty stories, by the most notable English writers of the modern school. Every story is complete in itself. Most of our readers are acquainted with SUCCESS MAGAZINE. Those who are now subscribers to it can take advantage of this offer and have their subscriptions extended one year from date of expiration. If any of our subscribers are not satisfied with the books when received, they may return them direct to **The Success Company, New York,** and their money will be refunded at once.

FILL OUT THIS COUPON—CLIP AND MAIL IT TO US TODAY

Address
UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY,
Station M, Chicago

You may send me UNITY one year; SUCCESS MAGAZINE one year; and the LIBRARY OF ENGLISH FICTION (10 vols., express paid) in accordance with your special introductory offer. I enclos $3.25 to pay for same.
(Or $4.25 if a renewal to UNITY.)

Name.....

No. and Street.....

City or Town.....

State.....

We give below only a few of the sixty stories selected:

A Lodging for the Night....Robert Louis Stevenson
The Man Who Would Be King.....Rudyard Kipling
A Dog of Flanders.....Ouida
Markheim .....Robert Louis Stevenson
The Inconsiderate Waiter.....J. M. Barrie
The Mystery of Sasassa Valley.....A. Conan Doyle
The Philosopher of the Apple Orchard.Anthony Hope
The Three Strangers.....Thomas Hardy
A Doctor of the Old School.....Ian MacLaren
Queen Tita's Wager.....William Black
The Hired Baby.....Marie Corelli
A Perilous Amour.....Stanley J. Weyman
A Rose of the Ghetto.....Israel Zangwill
The Omnibus.....A. T. Quiller-Couch
The Heather Lintie.....S. R. Crockett
The Extraordinary Adventures of a Chief Mate .....W. Clark Russell
Mellissa's Tour.....Grant Allen
Quarantine Island.....Sir Walter Besant
A Faithful Retainer.....James Payn
The Box Tunnel.....Charles Reade
The Gridiron.....Samuel Lover
A Terribly Strange Bed.....Wilkie Collins
Koosje.....John Strange Winter

PRINTING

The kind that makes you feel glad every time you look at it is the kind you get at the

Oakland Printing House 55 East 39th Street Phone Doug. 4305

Ideal Cream

Prepared by For Chapped and Rough Skin

WILLIAM F. DATZ, PRESCRIPTION DRUGGIST

N. E. Cor. 39th St. and Vincennes Ave.

HAND SAPOLIO

FOR TOILET AND BATH

Delicate enough for the softest skin, and yet efficacious in removing any stain. Keeps the skin in perfect condition. In the bath gives all the desirable after-effects of a Turkish bath. It should be on every washstand.

ALL GROCERS AND DRUGGISTS

TELEPHONE OAKLAND 3508

The Cheapest Place to Buy Your **Window Shades** is at the

AMERICAN SHADE FACTORY

791 E. 47th St. nr Indiana Av

WE ALSO CLEAN AND REPAIR SHADES

BORDEN'S PURE MILK

7 *cents* Per Quart

BOTTLED IN THE COUNTRY

Safeguarded at every turn, delivered to the consumer's door pure, rich, fresh and wholesome

One Quality-The Highest

BORDEN'S CONDENSED MILK CO.

"Leaders of Quality"

Tel. Central 4209 42 E. MADISON ST.

The Meadville Theological School

Meadville, Pa.

Founded 1844

is a modern, undogmatic training-school for the ministry, which seeks to combine accuracy of scholarship with catholicity of spirit and practical efficiency. In order to meet the demands made upon it by the churches, it needs at ouce double its present number of students.

For catalogue address the president,

F. C. Southworth

KNIGHT'S Stomach Remedy

For Sour Stomach, Wind, Waterbrash, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Heartburn, Gastritis, Fermentation, Bloating and all disorders of the stomach caused by improper digestion.

Most Valuable in cases of Seasickness.

A. P. KNIGHT, Chemist,

39th and Langley Ave. Phone Douglas 100

Muir CHICAGO ESTABLISHED 1865

Flowers for All Occasions

4647 Grand Boulevard

Phone Oakland 319

3550 Michigan Ave.

Phone Douglas 319-558

SAMUEL A. NAHIN

Ladies' Tailor and Habit Maker

Suite 1513-1514 Masonic Temple — Phone Central 4562

Phones: Oakland 51, Drexel 5654, United 1038

ADAMS BROS.

Drexel Stables

171 and 173 E. Forty-Third St.

Carriages, Cabs, One-Horse Broughams, Theatre Coaches, Light Livery and Boarding.

OPEN ALL NIGHT.

WRIGHT & COMPANY

STEAM **COAL** DOMESTIC

Telephone Yards 1298

Main Office and Storage Yards

1023 to 31 Thirty-Fifth St. CHICAGO

VALUABLE

Return $5.00 worth of Cash Register Receipts and receive choice of 50c worth of my preparations—Perfumes, Cold Creams, Toilet Articles, etc. (except on special transactions.)

W. G. VALENTINE, Prescription Druggist

3900 COTTAGE GROVE AVENUE

ESTABLISHED 23 YEARS.

HAVE YOUR **Carpets and Rugs CLEANED** BY OUR

Sanitary Compressed Air Cleaning Process

We make New Rugs from your Old Carpets; also Rag Carpet in Latest Designs

THE ABT RUG AND CARPET CO.

839 S. Halsted Street Phone Canal 747

Watch this space

If you own any kind of

IT WILL PAY YOU TO SEE **Oriental Rugs**

E. F. HOWE & CO.

236 E. 33d St. Blvd.

Telephone Doug. 649

SCHUMANN & CO.

Silks, Satins, Suits, Jackets and our Patented Process on Lace Curtains

Laces Dyed Any Desirable Shade

All Goods Called for and Delivered

Dyers and Cleaners

3954 Cottage Grove Avenue

Bissel Hand Laundry

231-235 E. 39th St. Near Langley Av.

Domestic Finish Only — Phone Doug. 1003

Satisfactory Work — Punctual Delivery

Anchor Laundry Co.

4211-4213 STATE STREET

Telephone Oakland 1516

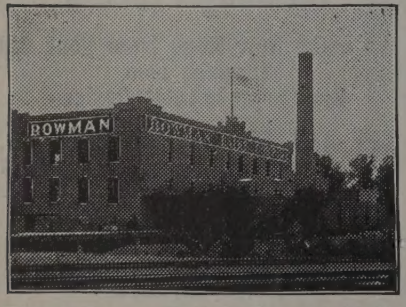
Uniformly Good Work

Businesslike Methods

Prompt Service

Bowman Dairy Company

MILK BOTTLED IN THE COUNTRY



Finest Cream Butter Churned Daily
Choicest Buttermilk

So. Side:
4221-29 State Street

CHICAGO EVANSTON OAK PARK

DREXEL LAUNDRY

3905-11 Langley Ave.
TEL. DOUGLAS 642

Good Work!
Service Excellent!

GOOD PHOTOGRAPHS

AT POPULAR PRICES

VARNEY

3937 DREXEL BOULEVARD

WE Manufacture
Gas and Electric Fixtures
Art Glass Shades and Portables
REFINISH and MAKE NEW AGAIN

EVERYTHING IN METAL WARE

CALL ON US, we will be pleased to show our line and quote prices

Metallic Manufacturing Co.

159-161 East Thirty-Ninth Street

Phones { Douglas 1590 / Douglas 996 — Near Cottage Grove Av.

J. Friedberg's Shade Factory

Store, Office and Fancy Shades a Specialty — **WINDOW SHADES** — 3969 Cottage Grove Av.

Phone Douglas 2259 CHICAGO

F. HOPE & SON

Painting and Decorating

Painters' Supplies

We are Distributers for **ACME** PAINTS, Varnishes, etc

3821 Cottage Grove Ave.

Tel. Douglas 665 CHICAGO

ESTIMATES FURNISHED

Picture Frames WE Save You One-Fourth on Framing
Are Manufacturers, That's How
Make a Specialty of Regilding
Restore Old Oil Paintings

HOBBS & SUTPHEN, 31 Adams Street, Between State and Wabash

Oakland Plumbing Co. Not Inc. Telephone Douglas 1120

C. D. HARRIS, President

Our Workmen the Best
Our Work Guaranteed

Plumbing, Gas-Fitting and Sewerage

4004-6 Cottage Grove Avenue CHICAGO

BERNET & CO. Phone Douglas 1136

Fine Residence Work Especially

Electricians and Locksmiths

3985 Cottage Grove Ave.

PRIVATE AMBULANCE

TO ALL PARTS OF THE CITY

H. D. LUDLOW

UNDERTAKER

Telephone Oakland 1274

671 E. 47th Street Corner Grand Blvd.

SIDNEY WANZER & SONS — WANZER'S Germ-no TRADE MARK — 305 30 TH ST.

PURE MILK PASTEURIZED

DELICIOUS CREAM

305-307 THIRTIETH STREET
Telephone Douglas 817

6313-6315 KIMBARK AVENUE
Telephone HydePark 207